

A Cold and Frosty Morning



It's a cold, frosty morning, 14th December, 1881. You, the head gardener, wake to birds singing but it's still very dark. You stretch and moan, but throw back the covers. It's so cold, that you quickly pull them up again. After doing this two or three more times, you finally jump up and get ready for the day. The Lagan has frozen solid so you wake the other workers and head down to the river. Write an imaginative story about your day.
